

HE HAS CREATED A CURBSTONE MARKET ALL HIS OWN.



"Gone! To the Gent in the Black Coat."

The Unique Saturday Street Auctions That Have Become a Recognized Part of the Business of the Capital.

"GOING! GOING! GONE!"
The voice of the auctioneer, raised high above the noise and rattle of the street, chanting the time-honored refrain that his kind have used since the very beginning of things, sounds with regularity and monotony one day in each week in Washington's strangest outdoor mart. Other cities have street markets that have sprung up in some unaccountable manner, but all are unlike this, wherein furniture alone is offered for sale.

Every Saturday morning in Tenth Street northwest, extending from D Street sometimes almost to E Street, is seen a gathering of household goods defying the description of any collective word save motley. It is a meeting place of extremes, this collection, where old and new of more than one decade, and sometimes, it happens, of more than one century, are piled together. The very age of this market is shown in the manner in which it occupies sidewalk and street, with the assurance of one whose rights have been confirmed by the approval of years. There is no permit granted by the city for such seeming trespass. It is a privilege sanctioned by the higher authority of usage and tradition.

New York's Example.

Thus it is that markets are made. New York gave a good example when the legally recognized "West Side Market" grew out of the legally unrecognized "Paddy's Market," a thing of mythic origin. Wandering hucksters, peddlers of vegetables and other things found it more to their profit to take a stand along Ninth Avenue than to travel through the streets. Their number grew until the city fathers stepped in and took credit for creating what already existed—a West Side market.

So from a small beginning, long ago, has Washington's curious furniture market developed. At 11 o'clock each Saturday morning, in fair days or foul, the clang of the auctioneer's bell is heard, and soon his voice takes up his song of praise and profit in behalf of his wares. The goods sold, each Saturday would stock a small store, yet there are always plenty for the following Saturday. Where do they come from?

A Silent Merchant.

A hard question to answer offhand, except that they come from everywhere. Many are new, or apparently so; others by their quaintness of style and signs of wear give testimony that they were wrought by another generation. Loud as he is in praise of his stock, this gray-bearded Saturday auctioneer is silent when asked about its source. Perhaps it is one of the secrets of his trade. He knows best. All he will answer when approached is:

"People send these things to me—and I sell them. I sell on commission. I don't know where they come from; I surely don't know where they go. Yes, indeed, I just sell them."

It Is All Romance.

What a world of possible romance, tragedy, and comedy, intermingling, jostling elbows, this gray, practical man of affairs misses. Yet, after all, it is not so hard to trace whence these things come, to be heaped together, pell mell, and sold to the highest bidder in a public highway on a Saturday morn. A philosopher or a poet could find much

food for reflection here. Some objects are the wreckage of overleaping ambition, the remains of homes started on too lavish a scale, only to meet in the end with the inevitable sheriff—or the more prosaic installment man, as the case might be. It is only a question of relative rank on the social stairway. Others are from old homes where the desire to be new has banished objects dear to the eyes from the first conscious hours of childhood. They are old, you can see. This table, for instance, A fine

veneer? Look closer, friend; it is good mahogany. And it will sell for a paltry price, perhaps, to ornament some dusky couple's parlor.

A Reminder of the Past.

See this piano, with quaint, oblong frame, and curiously fashioned legs. Its days of use and melody are long gone by. Run your fingers over the yellow ivory keys—they used ivory in those days—and listen to the funny little cracked note that comes to your ear. Many keys are silent; all would be sad if they

It is well known that Mr. Whistler, the American-born painter, once challenged George Moore, the novelist, to a duel, but the origin of the quarrel is not, perhaps, well known.

Mr. Moore wrote some years ago a critical article wherein he lauded the work but ridiculed the personality of Whistler. On the appearance of this article he sent it to his friend, saying in the note that accompanied it that he hoped nothing he had written would make any difference in their friendship.

Mr. Whistler's retort was characteristic. He wrote: "The next time I see you it is probable I shall pull your nose. But this will make no difference in our friendship, I hope."

TWO lean, tanned men were lunching together at the Waldorf-Astoria. One was Foxhall Keene, and the other was Lawrence Waterbury, the polo player, who has just been barred from the New York Stock Exchange for the reason that he is a somewhat reckless speculator.

Mr. Keene and Mr. Waterbury were talking about Niagara. The latter said: "I think it was on my second visit to Niagara that I came upon my tailor there. He did not see me. He stood gazing at the horse-shoe in absorption. His eyes were fixed on the pale cloud of misty spray that rolled about the foot of the big waterfall, and his look was awed."

"I slapped him on the back and said: 'Well, sir, what do you think of that?'"

"He turned and answered: 'I was just thinking, Mr. Waterbury, that it would be a grand place to sponge a coat in.'"

It was a pint not a quart bottle, and the emissary who brought it said: "I wish to inform you that this wine is 165 years old."

Miss Corelli answered: "It is rather small, though, for its age, isn't it?"

SENATOR GALLINGER told a marine anecdote at the last hearing of the antivivisection bill.

"It is," he said, "an anecdote about a captain and a mate, and the way the captain treated the mate seems to me a good deal like the way the vivisectionists treat animals."

Then he went on to say that on a certain ship the captain was inordinately fond of the plum part of plum duff. The cook had orders to make the duff in the form of an oblong, to put all the plums in one end, and to set the dish on the cabin table in such a way that the plum end would always be toward the captain.

But the mate of the ship got tired, after a while, of duff without plums, and one day he contrived to descend into the cabin earlier than his superior, and to turn the platter of duff so that he for once had all the plums, and the captain had the dough. When the latter came down and took his seat, he soon perceived the trick that had been played on him. So he lifted up the dish as if to examine it, and saying, "Joe, my lad, this is a fine piece of crockery here," he set it down again with the plums upon his side.

"Aye, captain, a fine piece of crockery it is," replied the mate, and he, too, lifted the duff, studied the platter carefully, and turned the plums his way again.

At this the captain gave a loud laugh. "Well, Joe," said he, "since you have

found me out, this time we'll cut the civil war, is at eighty hale and ruddy, unaged save in the whiteness of his hair and beard, and with a fund of anecdotes regarding the great Americans of the past.

"Speaking of gray hair and gray beards," he said the other day at Ogontz, his country house, "I am reminded of an occasion when, with Lincoln, Attorney General Bates and Secretary Chase, I went from Washington to Tenleytown to attend a review of McClellan's troops."

"Bates' hair had retained its original dark color, but his beard was snow white. I asked him how this had happened, and he said he didn't know, but Lincoln, with a laugh, broke in: 'If you don't know, Bates, I do. It is because you have always used your chin so much more than your head.'"

GOVERNOR-ELECT Mickey of Nebraska who has refused to take part in the State inaugural ball in his honor on the ground that he is a Methodist, and Methodists object to dancing, owns a fox terrier that he is very proud of. One day last summer he saw this dog catch a frog, carry it carefully to a distant corner of the garden, scratch a hole, and bury it therein, alive. The master could not understand this act. He described it at dinner that evening, and expressed his

displeasure as to the dog's motive, whereupon one of the members of the family said:

"Animals are like the mate," Senator Gallinger concluded. "They can never hope to get the best of a bargain. All they can possibly hope for is mere justice."

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ing to some lashes when those things went out of the door; tears, even though the new furniture is much more brightly upholstered, and the varnish newer and more sticky.

From the Factory.

And here, cheek by jowl, with these relics, is a bedroom set that looks almost new—and so it is. Some factory, some furniture warehouse in some place found itself overstocked with a line of goods going out of fashion or favor, and so they were hurried off to the auction-

eer to be sold for whatever they will bring. Boarding houses that have failed of profit contribute their share, and he whom the Arabs call "The Sunderer of Companions," Death, is responsible for sending much here, too. With the breaking up of homes under such sad auspices, it is often a question of the easiest way of getting rid of things, and the auctioneer offers an easy solution. Who buy, these things, you ask?

They are of all walks of life and shades of coloring. Now and again you will see

an antiquarian, a lover of beautiful old furniture, looking for a prize to be had for a song. He is likely to "pick up" something, too, unless there be another of him out, when it is more probable to become a battle royal. Young house-keepers whose needs are greater than the means in their purses come hither to add to their household adornments, and so do dusky damsels and matrons. But the majority of the crowd are keepers of boarding houses, who demand durability and cheapness above all other qualifications. They have sharp rivals, however, in the second-hand dealers who do business on a small scale and are always on the lookout for bargains.

An Interesting Personality.

The auctioneer himself is an interesting as his market. As the manner of auctioneers is, he is swift of tongue, valuable in praise, and quick to sell. He is brusque and sharp. He asks no favors. "Take or leave," is his implied motto. Hence his success as a salesman, for he finds a customer when the man who would stop to coax buyers would fail.

Return After Many Years.

Doubtless there are many strange coincidences in this peculiar mart—lost things recovered after many years, and beloved heirlooms finding their way back into family hands. It needs no imagination to see that this could often be the case, yet if it is, he is silent. Romance is not a part of his business, he says, although he himself, if he but knew, is as romantic a figure as ever lived. He might serve as a symbol of the swift passing of all things human, the immutable mutability of life, with his raven-like warning, "Going, going! Gone!"

ed on a ward of hers, a young woman who had married a drunkard, and who had just been deserted, though she was penniless, and had two little children.

"I couldn't help but feel for her this morning when she told me about her trouble," said the old lady.

"It was well that you felt for her," said Mrs. Grant. "But did you feel in the right place? Did you feel in your pocket?"

PROF. ADOLPH LORENZ, the "bloodless operator," said during one of the clinics he held in Chicago that he did not think it was wise for children to get up early in the morning. He said children should sleep ten or twelve hours, and that 9 o'clock was not at all too late for their rising time.

"I got this theory from my father," Prof. Lorenz went on, "and I remember a story my father used to back the theory up with. It was a story of a man who said to his son, 'The early bird catches the worm,' whereupon the son replied, 'But the worm was early, too.'"

THE late Herr Krupp, the great gunmaker, had a whimsical kind of humor. The German newspapers have recently been citing with approbation a joke that he cracked during an attack of fever last summer. His illness had emaciated him greatly, and one afternoon his nurse came to him with a tremendous mustard plaster that she had been ordered to put on his back.

Herr Krupp looked at the plaster, and, smiling, said in his weak voice: "Don't you think that is a great deal of mustard for a very little meat?"

The Sale Grows Interesting; They Crowd Closer.

The Motley Collection of Old Furniture and Household Adornments That Appeal to the Fancy of Crowds.



They Wait for Some Special Article to Be Put On the Block.



"Sixty! Sixty! Sixty! Make It Seventy-five!"